WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 23 —VOL. XVII NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1805 WH. 857.

PERIANDER OF CORINTH:

OR,

REVENGE.

Translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine.

(CONTINUED)

SHE sank tenderly into the embrace of the youth, lay for an instant in his arms, and then hastened through the grove to her father's residence.

Agathon stood for some time lost in the transports of successful love. He left the garden, a brisk east wind arose, and the same night was appointed for their departure. When the two friends were about to leave the portico, Melissa came again. She embraced her brother, and placed the hand of Agathon in his.

'Promise (said she) eternal friendship and fidelity to each other, in life and death.'

They obeyed; and now Agathon taking the hand of Melissa, said, in a low and trembling voice,

'And you Melissa, will not you too promise?' The darkness of the night gave her more courage; she pressed his hand to her heart, and [illegible]

'Eternal fidelity in life and death.'

Agathon repeated the words, and thus they parted.

Lycophron left the walls and harbor of Corinth, without being discovered. In three days he reached Corcyra, as a fugitive from Ionia, and took up his residence at the country-house of Agathon, situated among the mountains.

Periander, when he learned the flight of his son, feigned to be more angry than he really was; for in his heart he thanked the gods that he had escaped. The prospect of one day becoming the sovreign of Corinth, he doubted not must at length induce his son to relax in his pride. But a whole year passed, and he heard nothing of the youth. He every where made enquiry after him, but in vain; and he began to believe that he was no longer living. The anger and pride of Periander then gave way.—His eldest son was too weak in his intellects to intrust to him the tottering throne of Corinth, of which the noble and brave Lycophron would have been the firm support. He read in the eyes of the citizens their joy at his increasing age, and recognized the vengeance of the gods. He now recollected, with anxious dread, the prediction of the Delphic oracle, that heavy calamities should fall on his sons; and its fulfilment seemed to be hastened by his ambition and his pride. He had rejoiced that Corinth feared him, yet now he trembled at that fear; and wished that he had rather won the love of his subjects, which before he had contemned.

'Do you not perceive,' said his aged friend, 'that love is more to be desired than fear?'

In despite of all the doubts of his heart, Periander cast a haughty glance on the sage Medon. 'Let Corinth tremble, said he, if it dares to dispute my power.'

'Tremble!' replied Medon—'Dost thou still build thy power upon fear? Melissa trembled before thee; and in her thou hast murdered thy happiness. Thy children tremble before thee, and thou hast lost the noblest of thy offspring.—All tremble before thee but thy fate and the gods.'

Periander assumed a serious countenance, and became thoughtful; but his reflections were solely on the means by which he might secure his declining power.

A descendant of the ancient sovreigns of Corinth, the Bacchiadæ, still lived; Amphion, a man of rude and unamiable disposition, foolishly proud of the former splendor of his family, but destitute of all true nobility of mind. On him Periander cast his eyes, conceiving the design of giving him his daughter for a wife, and leaving to him the crown of Corinth. He accordingly sent for him, and made known to him his intentions. He then went to Melissa, who passed her days in pleasing dreams of her lover—and said to her in a commanding tone, 'Thou must be the wife of Amphion!'

Melissa turned pale, threw herself at his feet, and conjured him not to make her miserable.

'Miserable!' replied he coldly, 'I secure to thee the throne of Corinth.'

'Oh, my father!' replied Melissa, with a sigh, 'as I only to be considered as a step to the throne?'

Periander now repeated his command, and Melissa was compelled to declare that her heart was already united to the youth of her choice, in the closest bonds of tenderest affection.

'Silly girl!' replied he coldly, 'I will break these bonds.'

'And with them my life must end,' answered Melissa, with extreme agitation.

'Be it so,' rejoined he, hastily; 'yet I will be obeyed.'

'Father, recollect your son Lycophron: you have still two children to lose.'

'It is better to be without children than to be despised and insulted by them.'

'Lycophron lives,' said Melissa: 'I know where he is. To him of right belongs the sovreignty of Corinth.'

'He lives!' said Periander, astonished.——'Where is he?'

No threats were capable of inducing Melissa to betray her secret, until her father had solemnly promised her that he would consent to her becoming the wife of her lover. She then discovered to him the place of Lycophron's retreat, and the assumed name by which he passed at Corcyra. Periander immediately sent a herald to Corcyra, to declare to his son, that if he would return to Corinth, he would acknowledge his right to the sovreignty of that city. Lycophron, in whose soul the impression of the cruelty of his father in condemning him to expire was indelible, only answered the herald with these words: 'I am not thy son.'

The messenger returned with this answer—and Periander now sent Melissa to Corcyra, to persuade her brother to return. She made the voyage, animated with the most pleasing hope, and having landed on the island, joyfully hastened to the residence of Agathon, among the mountains, to bear to her brother the offer of the diadem, and her constant heart to his faithful friend. Her lover met her with tenderness, but Lycophron continued inflexible.

'I am not the son of Periander,' said he coldly. 'He condemned me to perish with hunger. By the eternal gods I will not see him.

'Lycophron,' said the gentle Melissa, mournfully but tenderly; 'the gods may change thy heart. They have subdued the pride of a father, and will they pardon the pride of a son exerted against his father? Thou art a noble youth: Corcyra loudly extols thy virtues.—Wilt thou alone be wanting in magnanimity towards thy father? The pride of my father knows no bounds: this is the cause of my anger, but thy anger is as unbounded as his pride.—Brother, learn to forgive, since thou art a man: the gods are inexorable to the inexorable. Thou art engaged in a dreadful struggle against thy father, and should thou persist in thy resolution, he must be punished; but the gods will avenge him, and destroy thee with him. I conjure thee, forgive; and seek not to remedy an evil by another still greater. Oh! ye gods! how does one spirit, the spirit of revenge, actuate both father and son! Oh remove it, give them instead a feeling heart, and make them sensible that they ought to love each other.'

Melissa spoke in vain: Lycophron continued immoveable.

'Never, Melissa; said he, never will I return to Corinth while my father lives.'

'Cruel man!' exclaimed Melissa, 'To what purpose have I and thy friend preserved thy life! If thou wilt not be a son, be a brother and a friend. If thou art inexorable, at least be not ungrateful. The happiness of thy sister and thy friend depends on thy consenting to be reconciled to thy father.'

Lycophron tore himself from his sister's embrace.

'By the immortal gods,' exclaimed he, 'I can die for thee; but I will not see thy father.'

He remained inexorable, and Melissa returned, sorrowful, and oppressed with melancholy forebodings of the ruin of her family, to Corinth.

She brought the unwelcome tidings to her father, but attributed the obstinate perseverance of her brother in his resolution to various causes, and insinuated that it was not so much to be ascribed to hatred and implacability, as to fear of the anger of his father. She thus encouraged Periander still to hope a reconciliation might be effected: and stood, like a good genius, mediating between and assuaging the savage sentiments of vengeance and pride, in the hearts of the father and the son.

The heavy sceptre of Corinth now required the stronger hand of youth; but the elder son of Periander was too feeble to sway it. Periander perceived how necessary it was to inspire the Corinthians with the hope of a milder government under a youthful king. The aged citizens of Corinth hated him, and the young, now hastening to maturity, no longer feared him.—The concealed flames of insurrection already threatened to burst forth, and his prudence suggested to him the policy of relieving the Corinthians from the sight of their cruel sovreign.

He, therefore, now publicly sent a herald to Corcyra, to invite his son to return to Corinth, and immediately take upon him the sovereignty; declaring he would in that case come himself to Corcyra, and content himself with the government of that Island.

(To be Continued.)

CORN-CUTTER.

DURING the late war, an old sailor on board the *Mars*, was observed to be constantly in a state of intoxication, and incapable of doing his duty. With a view to reclaim him, the ship's discipline was enforced; he was flogged repeatedly, and suffered with the fortitude of an hero; always making it his principal concern, as soon as he had been punished, to procure a fresh supply of grog, and drink until he brought himself again into the situation which had previously been the occasion of his chastisement. The perseverance and singular attachment to drunkenness, so remarkable in the man's conduct, induced the captain of the ship to make inquiry by what means he obtained the liquor. Accordingly, the next time he was found in an intoxicated state, the captain thus interogated him: "How do you procure the liquor to get drunk, sirrah?" To which the tar, half-asleep, opened one eye, and answered, "By *op-eration*, your honour." "By operation! what do you mean? You make game of me, you rascal, do you?" "No, your honour; I am an operater; I cut corns for most of the crew under your command." "Is that what you call operation? pray what do you receive from those upon whom you exercise your dexterity?" "Only a quart of grog, an'please ye, which is too little." "Only a quart, you say; and how many operations do you perform each day; that is, during the short time you are sober?" "Why, God bless your honour, when it's likely to blow off, and thick heavy weather is coming on, my customers run to me in shoals, and I knock off ten a day; but in pleasant weather, I never have more than seven upon an average." "So, then, you generally drink seven quarts of grogg a-day, do you, got by operation?" The sailor, to the admiration of all who heard him, said he did, and that better than one third of it was spirits. The captain, unable to refrain from smiling, expressed his astonishment at so wonderful a drunkard. He, however, forgave him at that time, after warning him to perform no more operations upon the terms before stated; threatning, if he did, not only to make those undergo a more severe operation than the cutting of their corns, who gave the operator any more grog, but to dismiss the latter out of the ship as a disgrace to the British navy.

DESCRIPTION OF VIRTUOUS LOVE.

IT glows, but scborches not; it enlightens, but hurts not; it burns, but consumes not; it glitters, but dazzles not; it refines without destroying; and it is painful though pleasant.

REMARK.

THOUGH slander should sink your reputation to the lowest ebb, yet concious of having done no improper action, your nature will magnimmously rise above notice of your enemy's most rancorous malevolence.

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

HAIL, Poverty! that lov'st to dwell
Within the prison's gloomy cell,
Or dungeon, dark and drear;
Oh! deign to aid thy poet's lay,
Who long has bow'd beneath thy sway,
My Mistress ever dear.

The hut, that bids adieu to mirth,
The empty cupboard—blazeless hearth,
Is still thy lov'd abode;
There reign'st thou, with despotic sway,
And mak'st thy vassals all obey,
And tremble at thy nod.

The woe-worn cheek, the heart-felt sigh,
The meagre look, the haggard eye,
The ready starting tear;
The pensive gait, the tatter'd coat,
The pocket that can boast a groat,
Proclaim thy presence near.

Time immemorial, 'tis confess'd,
Thou'st been the poets constant guest,
And mighty great reward;
From Homer fam'd in deathless lays,
Down to the wight that sings thy praise,
Thou still attend'st each bard.

But, ah! thou shun'st the splendid hall,
The masquerade, or midnight ball,
Where dissipation reigns!
The dungeon sooner thou'dst explore,
Where wild Despair and Horror roar,
And clank their galling chains.

Though men may shun thee as their foe,
Oh! may I never think the so,
Thou'rt Virtue's fiery test;
Mankind, thou know'st as what they are,
And bidd'st us still of knaves beware,
Who friendship once profess'd.

When every earthly prospect fails,
And down the stream, with swelling sails,
Of adverse fate we're driven;
'Tis then, thou bid'st the sufferer know,
True happiness dwells not below!
And points the road to Heaven.

SISTER AGNES.

THE clock struck ONE—*when Agnes rose,*
And down the cloister went to pray;
Far from her breast had fled repose,
And grief had stole her bloom away:
Yet, though she often upwards gaz'd,
And oft her lips in silence mov'd;
Her eyes and thoughts were only rais'd,
To pray for him she long had lov'd.

The clock struck TWO—*a solemn knell—*
She heard the sound with awful dread;
Backward she hied her to her cell,
To ponder on her lover dead:
She knelt her down,—she kiss'd her cross—
She pray'd—she wept—she heav'd a sigh;—
She mourn'd, with tears, her cruel loss,
And much she wish'd, yet fear'd, to die.

The clock struck THREE—*ah! desp'rate maid!*
No more her hand, withheld by fear,
Refus'd to grasp the shining blade,
That lay so opportunely near.
She struck—she died!—yet, censure not,
'Twas love that led her soul astray;
O, let her error be forgot!
And, "Gently rest her spirit," say.

THE BAD HUSBAND RECLAIMED.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

MRS. CORBET, an amiable and exemplary woman, was under the necessity of retiring with her infants, from a negligent husband, to the house of a near relation. Finding life, without his companion, joyless and uncomfortable, irritated by some real or immaginary affront from her friends, and mortified by the apparent neglect of one, whom, notwithstanding his imprudence, he still loved, the unhappy husband had, in a moment of discontent, published an angry advertisement, in which he warned tradesmen against trusting his wife.—Vexed at such indecorum, and want of feeling, and angry at being accused as the producer of calamities, which had been notoriously brought on by the conduct of her husband, she answered him by the same channel, and in the following words: "Whereas my husband has cautioned tradesmen against trusting me, and laid much stress on my quitting him, as if it arose from any fault of mine, I conceive it would be unjust to myself, as well as my sex, to submit any longer to so cruel and unjust an accusation; I therefore beg leave to inform the public, that, by his idleness, and perpetual absence from home, he compelled me to seek support for myself and a helpless infant from the kindness of my relations. His caution of my running him in debt, is ridiculous, as he well knows nobody will trust him with a pence. But notwithstanding what has passed, I am still ready to forget and forgive, and will immediately receive him as a tender and faithful wife, if he thinks he has sufficient resolution to forsake the expensive licentiousness of his manners, and will endeavor to regain his lost credit as a father and a master of a family. In the mean time, I think it necessary to caution all against trusting him on any account, while we are separated."

This fair vindicator of her honor as a wife and mother, happily recovered her infatuated wanderer, and restored him to that domestic peace and satisfaction, which can only be insured by a conscientious discharge of our social duties.

ANECDOTE.

A ludicrous circumstance occurred lately in the county of Suffolk: a gentleman of small independent fortune, was surcharged for keeping a livery servant, and not giving in a proper return to the assessors; but he appealed, and positively swore that he neither kept or employed any male servant, except a labourer who sometimes came for a day to clean his garden, could be called one. However, the Surveyor soon after feeling himself better informed, surcharged him a second time, with the addition of an indictment for perjury, when the gentleman appeared before the Commissioners, with his servant in livery with him; but, to the no small disappointment of Mr. Inspector, he proved his servant to be a female in male attire; and as their Worships knew of no law to prevent a man putting his maid into livery, if he choosed it, the gentleman was immediately dismissed.

ON SORROW.

THO' check'd by time the storm may feebler grow,
Which toss'd erewhile the turbid stream of woe;
Sorrows they are, which tho' they seem to sleep,
Till life's sad sigh their wonted channel keep,
Still fresh they flow from many a latent wound,
More calm indeed, but not the less profound.

BROTHER NAGGS.

A COMMENTARY.

'THE clock struck ONE when Naggs arose,
And sought a butcher's o'er the way;
For want had banish'd his repose,
And keenest thoughts were far away:
Yet though he often stood and gaz'd,
And up and down he mov'd his jaw;
His idle jaw was little pleas'd,
It did not bite the meat he saw.—

The clock struck TWO—a hungry knell—
He mark'd it point—he long'd to eat it;
Backward he hied him to his cell,
To ponder how he best might get it:
He cur'd—he kick'd his chairs and table—
His coat, he swore, could ne'er conceal it;—
He would have cried, had he been able,
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to steal it.

The clock struck THREE—ah! desperate thief!
No more his hand, withheld by fear,
Refus'd to grasp the piece of beef,
Which lay so opportunely near.
He snatch'd—was seiz'd!—yet censure not,
'Twas hunger led his soul astray;
O, let his error be forgot!
"And "better luck to morrow," say.

EFFECTS OF LOVE.

A SINGULAR occurence took place a few days since in this city: the daughter of a respectable tradesman, who had fallen in love with a young man, who resided in the neighbourhood and having in vain attempted to attract his notice, by placing herself in his way, at length determined upon making a public declaration of her love to the object of her affections, and throwing herself upon their generosity and his sensibility, in hopes of obtaining her wishes. She accordingly waited upon the young man's father, and, without the least hesitation or embarrassment, revealed her passion in the most tender and pathetic way; adding, that if Mr. D. could be prevailed upon to accept her for a wife, a life of love, gratitude and affectionate concern for his interest, should repay him for his condescension.

The father was astonished with the singularity of the application, and having no reason to doubt the virtue and character of the young lady, was wholy at a loss how to act. He was about to reason with her upon the boldness and impropriety of her conduct, but she prevented him by saying, that she was fully aware that her conduct must excite surprise; but as her character was above reproach, she trusted her motives might be liberally construed, and if in that one instance she had deviated from the example of the rest of her sex, she hoped the uncommon proof she had given of the sincerity and ardor of her attachment for his son, would operate as an incentive to his forgiveness, and induce him not only to consent, but to use his influence with his son to bring about an happy union, upon which her happiness or misery depended.—She then left the astonished father, observing, that she should call the next day for an answer, and in the mean time should acquaint her own parents with the visit she had made and the resolution she had formed.

The sequel of the story is, that the young lady had been threatened with a mad-house, and the young gentleman, insensible to his profered happiness, has actually left his father's house, the better to avoid the addresses of this most enthusiastic and romantic admirer.

[*Lond. pap.*]

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 8, 1805.

Twenty-nine Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 1st inst.

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On Tuesday afternoon on the Battery, a young girl of the town, by the name of Robertson, swallowed a large quantity of laudanum; and notwithstanding immediate medical assistance was obtained, she expired soon after.

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A new born infant was found last week at the foot of a bank in Harman street, near Clinton-street—the child was dead.

—

The extensive Rope-Walk in Philadelphia, belonging to Messrs. Snowden and North, accidentally took fire on Friday afternoon, and was entirely destroyed.

—

On Sunday morning, the body of a man was found in the river, near New-Windsor—He appeared to have been drowned for some length of time. The Coroner's inquest was held over the body, and brought in a verdict of "accident death by drowning." There was a double cased silver watch in his fob, six dollars in bank paper, and four dollars and sixteen cents in silver in his pocket. His clothes were very rotten and decayed—From the papers found about him, he is supposed to have been a teacher, of the name of DANIEL CONNELLEY, as there was an article of agreement between him and several persons near Sugar Loaf, dated in February last, where he engages to teach a school there for a certain consideration per quarter. He is supposed to have dropped through the ice near the mouth of Chamber's Creek, about the close of the winter. He was a small man, about five feet six or seven inches high, and had on a blue coat, striped swansdown vest, grey trowsers, speckled stocking, silk handkerchief around his neck, and sharp pointed shoes—The body was interred at high water mark, at Mackanes's Cove.

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NEW-ORLEANS, April 23.

On the 16th inst. capt. Newcome was informed by capt. Johnston, at the Balize, that two privateers were cruzing off the mouth of the Mississippi, who robbed or captured all vessels that attempted to enter—and that they were then engaged in plundering the schooner Felicity of this port, from Campeachy. Captain Newcome got ready for sea with all possible dispatch—at 2 P. M. stood out with a light breeze from the north: at 5, the privateers got under weigh with their prize: at half past 5, capt. Newcome fired a signal and hoisted his colours, which not being attended to, he fired two guns—the privateers still crouded all sail and kept the prize—capt. N. then fired a broadside, which was returned by both privateers, when a warm action commenced and lasted for one hour, when the privateers abandoned the schooner, and sheered off with crouded sail. Capt. N. took possession of the schr. and brought her safe into the river, and then returned on his cruize. He received no injury in the action. The passengers in the Felicity who lay near the May Flower, one of the privateers, during the whole action, state that she suffered very considerable from the shot of the cutter. This action will be a warning to other pirates, how to interrupt our trade in this quarter.

COURT OF HYMEN.

THOUGH fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
They, who improve his golden hours
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. Mr. Austin, Mr. *Isaac W. Stedley*, to Mrs. *Ann Matilda Carpenter*, both of this city.

On Saturday, May 25. by the Rev. Bishop Moore, *Joseph Constant*, Esq. to Miss *Eliza Ackley*, of this city.

On Sunday evening the 12th ult. Mr *Henry P. Russell*, Editor and Proprietor of the Morristown "Genius of Liberty," to Miss *Sally Pair*, of Connecticut.

At Athens, on Tuesday the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Uhl, the Rev. *Frederick H. Quitman*, to Mrs. *Mary M. Myer*

At Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, by the Rev. Bishop White, capt. *Charles Quandrie*, of the ship Liverpool, to Miss *Elizabeth Eyre*, of Kensington.

At Philadelphia, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. *N. Davidson*, merchant, to Miss *Sarah Lane*, eldest daughter of William Lane, Esq.

At Boston, On Thursday, May 29, Mr. *James S. Swett*, to Miss *Cecelia C. Von Hagen*, of that place.

MORTALITY.

"FRAIL as the leaves that quiver on the sprays,
"Like them man flourishes, like them decays."

DIED,

On Sunday morning last, after a lingering illness which he bore with Christian Resignation, Mr. LEONARD KIP, in the eightieth year of his age.

Suddenly, on Monday morning last, Mrs. MARY MORISSON.

In Bath, (Eng.) the Hon. THOMAS POWNALL, formerly Governor of New-Jersey Thomas Pownall was Governor of Massachusetts in 1757.

Books and *Stationary*

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 BROAD-STREET,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, that he continues to receive Commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

*** A few Servants on the Robbs, well recommended.

May 25, 1805. 855. tf.

ACADEMY,

No. 57 ROOSEVELT-STREET.

THE Subscribers have this day opened their ACADEMY as above. Duly sensible how delicate and important parents justly consider the charge committed to us, it shall ever be our ambition to evince that their confidence is not misplaced.

A morning school will commence on the 8th of [illegible] next.

S. MOORE
I. M

April, 27 1804.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE MISTAKE.

OR CAPTAIN BLUFF.

SAYS a pouting, almost frighten'd out of her wits,
Help mother, or I shall go into fits;
I have had such a fright I shall never recover,
O! that HAWK, that you told us of over and over
See, there, where he sits, with his terrible face,
And his coat how it glitters all over with lace.
With his sharp hook'd nose, and his sword at his heel,
How my heart it goes pit-a-pat, pray mother feel
Says the goose, very gravely, pray dont talk so wild.
Those looks are as harmless as mine are, my child.
And as for his sword there, so bright and so nice
I'll be sworn 'twill hurt nothing besides frogs & mice.
Nay, prithee dont hang so about me, let loose,
I tell thee he dare not say—"BO to a goose,"
In short there is not a more innocent fowl,
Why instead of a HAWK, lookye child, 'tis an OWL.

THE FIRST LESSON

OF A FATHER TO HIS SON AT A YEAR OLD,

BOY, love thy mother!—she with tearful eye
Tends the slow progress of thy op'ning mind;
Removes the cause of every infant sigh,
And by her practice lures thee to be kind.

Boy, love thy mother!—Feel in her heaving heart,
That throbs, affectionate with care for thee;
Compose her anxious breast with playful art,
Press her soft lips, and prattle at her knee.

Boy, love thy mother!—Let thy lisping tongue,
In broken accents, charm her wond'ring ear,
And, when again upon her bosom hung,
Say, Oh, Mamma! I love, I love you dear.
Boy, love thy mother!—the reflected rays
Will beam new lustre o'er thy father's days.

ANECDOTE.

THE deceased Count Bibb, one night at the cider cellar, told a friend that he intended to leave twenty pounds to be spent at his funeral; which incensed the other to ask him, if the money was to be spent going or returning? Bibb good humoredly replied. "*Going*, to be sure; for when you *return*, I sha'n't be with you."

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

No 207, WATER-STREET,

FIVE DOORS EAST OF BEEKMAN-SLIP.

G. SINCLAIR respectfully solicits the patronage, of his friends, and the public, to his Circulating Library.

The collection now offered, (of Novels only) though small is well chosen; and to which it encouragement offers, additions will be made, of new Books of Merit, as soon as they appear. Catalogues delivered gratis.

For sale as above a handsome assortment of Books and Stationery. March 23, 1805.

JUST RECEIVED.

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
A supply of the best Holland QUILLS,
Cut, hundred or quarter.

MORALIST.

TIME, like a long flowing stream, makes haste into eternity, and is forever lost and swallowed up there; and while it is hastening to its period, it sweeps away all things which are not immortal. There is a limit appointed by Providence, to the duration of all the pleasant and desirable scene of life, to all the works of the hands of men, with all the glories and excellencies of animal nature, and all that is made of flesh and blood. Let us not coast upon any thing here below, for heaven hath inscribed vanity upon every glory of the earth. *its time shall be no longer.*

N. SMITH,

Chimical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory, (the Golden Key) No 124 Broad-way opposite the City Hotel.

Leaves silk Braces, no. Elastic woven & cotton Garters.

Smith's purified Chimical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreable perfume, 4 & 8d each.

Smith's Chemical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and pearling the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's mouse & Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odonto or Roles for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's improved Chymical Mask of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 gills per quart.

Smith's Pomade or Grease, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 1s, and 6d per lb. Violet, double scented do 2s and 8d.

Smith's swoyenne royal paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s and 8s per pot do. paste.

Smith's chimical Dentrifice Tooth Powders, for the teeth and gums, warranted, 2 and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chimical Blacking Cakes.—Almond powder for the skin, 8d lb.

Smith's Circasia Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chimical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaisters, 3s per box.

*** THE best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scisser, Tortoise shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs, Superfine white Starch Smelling Bottles, &c, &c Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. ☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

Ladies and Gentlemens pocket books.

SCALES, WEIGHTS & MEASURES.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,

Public Sealer of Weights, Measures, Scale Beams, and Yards; No. 250 West Street, four doors west of Pearl-Slip. Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet iron ware, and keeps on hand a general assortment of Scales, Weights & Measures with a variety of Japanned, Pewter, and hollow ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures adjusted and sealed at a short notice. March 16, 1805.

845 tf.

TO LET,

A ready furnished ROOM; enquire at No. 44 Barley-Street.

Mr. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street, to No. 15 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And in order to appreciate that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15 Park, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been confidentially esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. Waites Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane, March 9, 1805. 843 tf

LITERATURE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 13 Bowker Street as usual, and will open another the first of May in that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and [illegible] now occupied by Mr. Wappo. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The[illegible] will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality, and the civil deportment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several genteel boarders, the house being very roomy and there with a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees. W. D. LEZELL.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Leases, Releases, Powers, Bonds, &c. upon the most reasonable terms.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON & WOOLEN DYER, & CALLICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver street, four doors from WILLIAM-STREET.

CLEANS and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with customers, all kinds of gentlemens Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel hair shawls cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a HOT CALLENDER. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. ☞ Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and callendared, and Blankets scoured. Bed Ticking, BLUE Upon Cotton and Linen; Dyer Buff for sale. June 1 1805. 856, 1y.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

Missing, five fashionable table-spoons, marked I. M. H. also one large old fashioned soup spoon, mark unknown. The above reward will be given if returned at this office, and no questions asked. May 18, 1805.

Just received.

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF THE BEST

RHEUMATIC OINTMENT,